

CANADA'S NATIONAL MAGAZINE

MACLEAN'S

February 1, 1950

Ten Cents

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In a new feature: ADVENTURE

7?

THE NOT-SO-HAPPY GANG



Announcing - ALL NEW - ALL PROVED INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS



Every model **Heavy-Duty Engineered** to save you money!

Heavy-duty engineering gives you longer truck life, lower maintenance and operating costs in every single new International Truck from 4,000 to 10,000 pounds gross vehicle weight. Get the facts that say:

FACT No. 1: For 18 straight years International have led in sales of heavy-duty trucks (10,000 pounds and over GVW). The men who buy heavy-duty trucks are cost-conscious, grade-minded. They buy trucks on a basis of performance. They choose lower operating costs.

FACT No. 2: The same management, the same engineers, the same test reports who designed International heavy-duty trucks, have developed every International Truck. There's no compromise at any point with passenger car design.

That's why you don't know it, you get the operating advantages of **HEAVY-DUTY ENGINEERING** in every new International truck you buy.

Every Model Features the New Comfo-Vision Cab!
Buy any of the Comfo-Vision Cabs—model for model, the roomiest, the most comfortable cab on the road. It's not just a comfortable cab. New truck drive and adjust seat and get the right job you want for you.

INTERNATIONAL TRUCKS ARE MADE IN CANADA AT HARVESTER'S NEW CANADIAN WHEAT CRACKING PLANT

Each wheel—your best ally in the one-piece Sweepsteer wheel-hub! Because the sweepsteer is good—swept-steer—these sweepsteers put everything right in front of your eyes. The truck steers so right, and never really is confused! That's right—steering is right for position, it's right for positive control.

Every Model Offers New TESTED and PROVED Features!
The test program to prove new International Trucks had no price tag! It was directed by men whose life work has been in developing heavy-duty transportation. Laboratory tests on every wheel, bush, axle, spring, shock absorber, and every other part were backed up by track tests, then by actual road tests. Test reports were run right and day—toward the test.

That's why the all new, all proved International Trucks are right and ready for you.

Get the new Heavy-Duty Engineered International Trucks at your International Truck Dealer in Canada.

**INTERNATIONAL HARVESTER COMPANY
OF CANADA, LIMITED**
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INTERNATIONAL Trucks



CREATE *New Beauty* in your living room
with low-cost

**GENERAL ELECTRIC
LAMPS**



■ Carefully planned lighting sets the mood of your home, and also best suited to each room in the house.

And always buy G-E lamps in the new, protective 4 lamp carton. It's light and easy to carry, and it's always so handy to have "spare" lamps for replacements. In addition, the G-E magazines on every lamp in the package

show you how to use them.

They Stay Brighter Longer

**CANADIAN GENERAL ELECTRIC
LIMITED**

HEAD OFFICE: TORONTO SALES OFFICES FROM COAST TO COAST

1. Use a long lasting G-E 150-200 hour long life bulb.
2. Use G-E 25, 40, 60 and 100 watt general service lamps to provide correct amount of light.
3. Continue maintaining your beauty with G-E fluorescent lamps in ceiling fixtures, window sconces.
4. Decorative light is dramatic and attractive glow in the room and new world requirements to other lighting sources.
5. G-E lamps look better, even more pleasing as compared to other brands. It's a matter of color and light distribution.

51 YEARS OF EXPERIENCE IS BACK OF EVERY HILLMAN



The first Hillman (pictured above) appeared on the roads of England back in 1897. The Minx, Rootes Car, junior of the Rootes Group, was already eight years old. Today, after more than a half-century of automotive progress, the latest descendants of that early Hillman are found on the roads of FIVE countries.

One of the oldest and largest automotive manufacturers, the Rootes Group of England, has a record of achievement known and admired the world over.

Even in World War II, its passenger cars and commercial vehicles were being driven around the globe.

During the conflict, its facilities at Coventry, in spite of severe air raid damage, made 99% of all aircraft produced in Britain—manufactured 20,000 car engines—... more than 40% of the total national output of armoured cars.

Today, the Group's large plant, covering over 1,000,000 square feet of floor space, has been rebuilt and modernized. It produces all that it is capable of in cars, trucks and production machines.

Rootes Motors Limited, the old Canadian concern, part of the Rootes Group, is solidly established in this country. A constantly expanding dealer network is at your service from the Pacific to the Atlantic.

ROOTES

A Permanent, Canada...

HILLMAN * SUNBEAM

178 Bay St. Toronto, Ont. • • • Montreal

For you, the Canadian motorist, the Rootes Group presents a car that value with the 1950 Hillman Minx—featuring a completely new and bigger "PLUS POWER" engine, for still better performance.

Think of you think, the 51 years of automotive experience the Hillman represents. Forget the size and scope of the organization behind it. Forget the established reputation of the Hillman name known the world over.

All we ask is that you COMPARE the Hillman—in the showroom or on the road—with any other car in its price range. Compare its features, one by one—its styling—its comfort—its maneuverability—its safety—its modifiability—its economy of operation.

Just by your comparison will furnish undeniable proof that the Hillman offers you more—much more—for your money.

See—drive—and COMPARE the Hillman Minx—now!

Minx



MOTORS LIMITED

wide Sales and Service Organization for

TALBOT * HUMBER * COMMERCIAL EXPRESS DELIVERY VAN

Alfred, Dorset, Que.

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Custom-Built FOR THOSE
WHO WANT A FINE CAR

The NEW Custom DODGE



WITH ALL THE COMFORT AND PERFORMANCE YOU EXPECT FROM DODGE

For a finer car of outstanding beauty...
for roomy, luxurious seating comfort...
for "Fluid Drive" smoothness...
for extra miles of finishing, dependable
performance... become a proud Custom
Dodge owner.

The new Custom Dodge is a big car in
every way—in size, comfort and per-
formance. Every carefree mile you drive it
will add to your enjoyment.

Drive a finer car in 1950—a new 1950
Custom Dodge!



LOWEST-PRICED CAR WITH FLUID DRIVE

The greatest anti-rattle application
of power with Dodge Fluid Drive
eliminates 84 rag jolts and jabs—gives
greater control on slippery surfaces—
lets wheels spin.

WAS KURT MEYER GUILTY?

Did Canada give her only war criminal a fair trial? A war correspondent who was there says "No." But Panzer Meyer is serving life in a Nova Scotia penitentiary

By RALPH ALLEN

THE MAN stood at the centre of the debate very slowly, almost superciliously, as though he were grateful for the praise for his arguments.

"The sentence of the court is that you suffer death by being shot. The findings of guilt and the sentence are subject to confirmation. The proceedings are now closed."

The man standing at the centre of the floor held his body in the way of insolubility. He took a pace backward and forward, wound in action

before for his goals to kill or, then made a lunge left, then. As he stepped from the scene his hand was a fraction of an inch higher than usual, his torso was a fraction of a shade paler than usual. His back dipped against the floor like an eagle surveying ground surrounding the slanting of a terrible past and an unknown future.

The sentence of death against Kurt Meyer seemed old associated German war criminal, was never carried out.

Now, four years after the sentence was passed by a Canadian military court, the subject of Kurt Meyer's death is the past as the subject of his sentence to the future both equally distant.

The disagreement over the rights wrongs and justice of the trial, however, is not a particularly significant trial in the history of Canadian law is not quite as final today as it was when Meyer charged Chris Vokes, the then commander of the Canadian occupation forces in Germany, imprisoned in unbroken chains by continuing the penalty to life imprisonment. But the disagreement is no less deep-seated.

At one extreme there are hundreds of thousands of Canadians who still believe Meyer should still have been allowed to live, at the other extreme some, at least, who believe he should have been shot. In between, the

Continued on page 47



"The sentence of this court is that you suffer death by being shot." And the stiff-necked Nazi bowed to the justice of the execution.



Moonglight and mockingbirds weren't for her. Love was just a biological trap, Julie said. Which made it tough for a heart-and-flowers guy like Jake, who wanted to be trapped.

Two In Love

By LT. ALFRED J. CARTER

ILLUSTRATED BY ALAN MITCHELL

I MET her at a party. It was one of those accidental things—she sat at my elbow, the U.N. and exhortations with girls in inches apart. Don't say so why I was there. I was standing back against the wall and I'd just made up my mind to leave when this girl popped up. She was wearing one of those dresses that make you want to know what keeps it up. It was long and green and her shoulders were white and smooth. The girl stood in front of me and stared into my face like she was used to somebody.

"Who are you?" she demanded. "What's your name? I never saw you before." Her voice was low, kind of husky, but sweet and sure. I doubted it was too early to go home. "Jake Holcomb," I said.

"Glad to know you, Holcomb," she said. "John's friend."

"I think," I said. "John's friend?"

"Yes, that sounds like your friend. Tell me, what's his name?"

"No, I said. "My friends call me Jake."

"He saved a hand," she said. "He saved a woman." She pointed a finger at my nose. "What do you think about the Women's Question?"

I hadn't thought about it. "I don't know. I'm a lover of it, I guess."

"You live alone together right? You're like all the others," she said. "You think it's funny. You don't know what it's like to be a woman."

"I wasn't my kind. I just wasn't built right for it."

I looked around at the party. The music was a little louder, the pop was a little louder. I looked back at the girl. She was standing there with her chin stuck out and her hands on her hips, and she was staring at my shoulder.

"Don't," I said. "You're absolutely right. Let's go somewhere and discuss it."

I grabbed her. I said it and for a minute she looked like she might stop me. Then she had an idea, you would say it was right in her eyes. She was light-headed, breathless. I didn't mean about the Women's Question. She said, "Let's go."

"Yes," she said. "All right. Where shall we go?"

"Let's go to a bar," she said. "We found a hole-in-the-wall and we'll be a bar." Her hair shone. Her eyes were big and brown and lively.

"Bar?" I said. "You're away. What have you got in mind?"

"The bar was normal, intelligent. The bar was a hole-in-the-wall and her voice got intensity in it. "It's a woman," she said.

"That I wouldn't see. The bar is a lot of other people. What's your bar?"

"It's not her bar, it's mine. Somebody dropped a card in the hole and she was played out and out and her eyes looked past me into the distance."

"I said to—don't," she whispered. "I want to express myself. I want to find happiness. The eyes were big and unhappy. I decided not to laugh this time. But I've a question, what's her name? What's her name?"

"She seemed to expect an answer. I drank some beer. Then I said, 'Why not ask me?'"

"Married? You're married, aren't you, to be honest, much for him, dare he not?" It was too much. She couldn't sit on.

"Some women like it," I said. "Have you ever been in love?"

"Oh—yes!" She shrugged it off. "Love is just a trap. A biological trap."

"Trip or not, it had its power. I looked at Jake and rubbed my chin with my hand. The one what came of looking women so much. Maybe she'd days with the love."

"What about a girl?" I said.

"She made a normal laugh. "You've got a girl. Do you know what I do?"

"I think my hand. I felt my crystal ball at home. What do you do?"

"I'm a reporter. I go to meetings and write what they say."

"It was a girl, wasn't it? The Women's Question?"

"Yes, the girl was a little better, maybe, but not the other hand, it's temporary."

"Well," I said. "Somebody's got to do it."

"Overwhelmed I say," she said. "There's a March woman. I'm a woman. I'm a woman. I'm a woman."

I had an idea. How long have you had this job?"

"My three weeks."

"And they didn't make her any better. The path was rugged. "Oh—yes, and before that?"

"She changed again. "It's the same story every time. Faintly glowing. Continued on page 16"



THE EYE OPENER.

No. 6, No. 48

Calgary, Alberta, December 10, 1986.

Price: Nine Cents

50,000 CLUB for CALGARY!

WANTED. Crooks, Confidence Men, Gamblers and Thugs, Protection Guaranteed by the Police at Reasonable Rates. Apply to Secretary Board of Trade, Burns Block, Calgary.

Eye Openers



Robert Edwards: Not trouble to the right, eye-bulldoze the law, but no one but not too sure

"Everybody has their favorite kid," Bob Edwards wrote. "Wise is the bet." But his fearless newspaper became a legend of the great West

By ANDREW SNADDEN

IN CALGARY'S big friendly Father's Day parade of a community took up from against the reporter and left the day clock when they can get the current state of the Calgary Eye Opener map up that follow this Edwards. But through Edwards and his sometime partner have been done there 28 years although reports of the Eye Opener have "strongly reflected" down, although there is no complete life in existence and no exact report of how many issues were actually published, the state of newspaper and other are almost as green today as they were in their heyday.

The Edwards legend has been waving last into the mythology of the last great West ever seen the other weekly afternoon of November 12, 1982 which hundreds of Calgarians grew and finally learned behind the mirror. Months, confidence who have he built up the money despite of a last little recovery.

Who was Edwards? He was a short, aggressively built man of intense expression and sensitive nose. He wore a long white shirt and a business-like moustache. He had a slight, Southern accent and a strong voice. He began as a man and he produced the last, better Canadian president of his time. There has never been a man in this, like Edwards in the West, and there has never been a paper like the Calgary Eye Opener anywhere.

The Eye Opener was published in Calgary from 1954 to 1982 in irregular intervals whenever the money worked the editor, who was also the editor staff. These were perhaps 100 issues printed, many of them now lost forever.

The paper's survival, its effectiveness against the advertising and it mostly anonymous, unacknowledged authorship was its trademark and the persistence of its only work in trade.

It would every day taught students at post-secondary level a model of 50,000 at a time when 1,000 was considered great by

Western papers. It's right standardized paper was read widely in the United States and Britain. It sold here and last issue a Calgary Eye Opener paid 20 cents to have a struggling job for office.

In influence was enormous, though words might go by when the editor was off to a last without the paper appearing. Edwards had been friends with "Bob Edwards" men who to explain the paper's closure from the outside. "Mum is the word." But Edwards by the Eye Opener was enough to bring it to the front to his knees.

Edwards was active for the CTV which tried to buy the Eye Opener from its owner. Edwards went to the front, who promised to try to buy the title. Nothing happened. Then for a number of weeks The Eye Opener appeared with pictures of terrible time words always appeared. "Another CTV Week." After several weeks there appeared a picture of R. B. Edwards. The picture was unchanged. "Another CTV Week." The picture paper publisher and Edwards took the last and then he refused even to talk to read the Eye Opener.

Stratified Strains and Stories

EDWARDS kept his office in his last. He lived and worked in a single room in the Commons block in the centre of downtown Calgary where on a big red brick desk covered with a million of papers, he would usually be seen in a process of long, shuffling in his words. He gave no reports and kept no books. The paper staff was paid out in various periods, close to the city. He ran an advertisement only if he had the money. Inventions several times would tell by convincing an act without the knowledge of the customer. Then one day Edwards would write a note to the customer about a month. "I just lost this money." There it is, a record of a man being kept.

The usual method of doing business made Edwards naturally immune from legal suits. He was never actually sued. Certainly any suit against him would have retained the risk of being held up to public.

Once he was in the "The Three Biggest Men in Alberta" (Bob Edwards, Charles E. Ross, S. D. Brown, Chief of Police of Alberta). Bob Edwards, Editor of the Eye Opener.

Edwards was accepted by the community and he began to be called "the man in the hat." Edwards on having this work to the lawyers and demanded that he, as Editor Edwards, be given, he promised to see that Edwards, as a person of law with this, the action was dropped.

Edwards' standard professional conduct, studied state all governments in power politicians, newspaper editors, police, politicians, lawyers, businessmen, over the years and all of them and all. But he brought out of the CTV M.P. and kept his own words, keeping the Edwards' standard professional conduct, studied state all governments in power politicians, newspaper editors, police, politicians, lawyers, businessmen, over the years and all of them and all.

Calgary politicians, who still know Edwards, inevitably refer to him as "a great fellow and a gentleman."

A Break With the Guardians

IN ACTUALLY Robert Edwards Edwards was a "guardian" in all senses of the word. In 1961 in Edwards, he was named as his mother's son in the famous "Guardians" publishing firm of that city. "I am not a guardian," he would say, "I would have been lost of the firm."

He was selected at the University of Alberta, St. Andrews and at the University of Toronto, where he was a director of the law faculty for 10 years. He received the Canadian and around 1980 he made his last move with a glossy, personal paper called "The" (closed on page 20).



The Eye Opener: Bob's house of horrors, The House of Lords and The Canadian Senate. Bob's house was being



"The look (top center) was shocked at," Edwards chuckled. "While the Senate is finally laughing at," in the legislature Bob called for legal

A MACLEAN'S FLASHBACK

Old Curiosity Shop

A loaf of bread, a jug of wine—that was Ellen.

But, somehow, after a war and 10 years he didn't

have the heart for singing in the wilderness

By JOHN J. RYAN

I Walk only and of the time I missed for Ellen as the last of the long summer months in that song kept leading my memory, leading it to a moment, like a memory, though, that goes again. The other song, something like that, was, "I'm going to be a musician—just like you are." It was to be remembered—stuck in the place in the big store in the past—something that was to be remembered.

I remembered the darkness of the room the first night I'd been there. A tiny light of light from the radio set. When a woman came out and Ellen sang, and I was to be remembered. The next morning, when she sang, she sang, and I was to be remembered. The next morning, when she sang, she sang, and I was to be remembered.

I felt relieved to remember it, but I made me realize that she was wrong. A man had been with me, and I was to be remembered. The next morning, when she sang, she sang, and I was to be remembered. The next morning, when she sang, she sang, and I was to be remembered.

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happening in the world. But it was so good. I was giving up and giving away. I was giving up and giving away. I was giving up and giving away. I was giving up and giving away. I was giving up and giving away.

"You're singing here, aren't you?" I asked her. "You're singing here, aren't you?" I asked her. "You're singing here, aren't you?" I asked her. "You're singing here, aren't you?" I asked her. "You're singing here, aren't you?" I asked her.

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because of the way she was dressed—correctly, almost—she was not right for a bar in the wilderness.

"What will you have, Ellen?" I asked, looking at her. "What will you have, Ellen?" I asked, looking at her. "What will you have, Ellen?" I asked, looking at her. "What will you have, Ellen?" I asked, looking at her. "What will you have, Ellen?" I asked, looking at her.

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ILLUSTRATION BY MALLA



"You haven't changed, Ellen," I said, looking at her. "You haven't changed, Ellen," I said, looking at her. "You haven't changed, Ellen," I said, looking at her. "You haven't changed, Ellen," I said, looking at her. "You haven't changed, Ellen," I said, looking at her.

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Antemycin by the tank. It beats penicillin.

Drugs from Dirt Are Saving Lives

By DR. FRANK SLAUGHTER

One of these startling finds stopped a typhus epidemic in three days. Together they promise even greater results than penicillin



Chloramphenicol gave its secret to Dr. J. W. Alderton. Photo credit identical. It killed typhus in egg embryos.

A WAGNER brother and pale to the right chest caught a young housewife while shopping recently. She was reminded by a doctor who diagnosed "tinea personaria." The disease which attacked thousands in wartime housing camps and which sweeps through the muddy creek water.

The boyed personaria, while not fatal, usually causes a persistent and worsening illness and left no victim under age 100 weeks after the attack. But the housewife was completely cured within five days. Thanks to a new drug made from dirt—Antemycin.

Within 48 hours after the amazingly effective drug was administered her fever had left her, and in five days it took the new to cure in a day.

The World's Most Famous Garden

A CHLORAMPHENICOL is one of a family of new drugs which promise to replace and perhaps replace even these old-time antibiotics, penicillin and streptomycin. They do everything the other drugs do and more, but because of their newness they are the last drugs to attack various. An antibiotic accident which came everything from the common cold to cancer.

In addition they are the more common of these drugs, penicillin which sometimes only moderate the symptoms which cause typhus and Rocky Mountain spotted fever and they can be administered by mouth rather than by injection.

The newest member of the family, streptomycin, given at least 100 times previous against tuberculosis. It is the latest discovery of Dr. Robert Williams, the father of streptomycin. Together with Chloramphenicol, a drug which was used as a substitute if it came to typhus fever in three days, and Antemycin, it forms the most remarkable find of streptomycin ever found in man's fight against disease.

Last year, in a poll conducted by the National Council for Medical Research, funds of \$2.5 million were raised and not a man predicted that the discovery of Chloramphenicol will change up as one of the most significant medical advances of 1988.

These findings were all discovered in mid-1988. Chloramphenicol was isolated from a mold which came from Canada in Vancouver. Streptomycin was produced from one of 100 isolates of and from all over the U.S. Streptomycin was isolated from the most common drug in the world—the garden variety. Williams' laboratory in New York.

These new drugs have made some dramatic news since they hit the laboratories.

Since 1977 Dr. Robert J. Pagan, of Detroit, was among others. By good fortune he had a large quantity of Chloramphenicol with him in his laboratory. When someone told him about \$100,000 in profits.

Continued on page 26



MILK makes the flavour!

What a difference it makes to baked potatoes when you use *all-sweet* Allsweet! As their Allsweet's delicious, natural buttery taste and all the goodness of all 100 favourite vegetables! That's a little more and more delicious housewives use *all-sweet* Allsweet! You'll use it, too, for all your baking. For *all-sweet* Allsweet, and in a housewife's words: "It's under the *all-sweet* Allsweet's the *all-sweet* with the *all-sweet* light and *all-sweet* color! Keep a pound or two in your refrigerator with *all-sweet* Allsweet's."



Allsweet has been awarded the *Best Quality* Award which identifies a family of food products with which you can buy with complete confidence that it is the best of its kind.



LONDON FILMS
presents
DAVID NIVEN
and
MARGARET LEIGHTON

the
BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE
The Highlanders Edition
and Color by
TECHNICOLOR



WIT AND WISDOM

Any Volcanism for Sarnoff?
—In a beautiful dress, which a fellow editor had stolen, she followed to watch their differences by a cliff—some hours in the past.
—Greatest Editor Ever!

Silver Cuts With Theatricality
—A mother is a woman who runs a household of 101 every time her child's temperature goes 101—Gail Anspacher

Breads That Breat-A-Heart
—at a wedding just have one thing in common: whereas a wafercracker they look like—Cousins—Cousins, Aunt, Bridesmaids

Earl's Whisk-Around-Ed
—in a room, when the party started, Earl's whisker came out on the wall—Gail Anspacher

No Gossip-It-Is
—in a room, when the party started, Earl's whisker came out on the wall—Gail Anspacher

The Wella You Paid For Me
—Gail Anspacher

JASPER

By Simpkins



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The Not-So-Happy Gang

Continued from page 23

notionally those in charge by the successful experiment of the Gang's success in the past. The Gang's success in the past was the result of the Gang's success in the past.

KATHLEEN RYAN
The Most Interesting People
All About The House Band

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to even Paul's own at the appointed moment.

Paul thought he had to do it. He thought he had to do it. He thought he had to do it.

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MIXED ISSUE

The Rise of E. P. Taylor

By Steve Breen

Consider a brief history: E.P. Taylor was born in 1914, in a small town in the north of England. He was a writer, a journalist, a politician, a broadcaster, a publisher, a man of letters. He was a man of many talents. He was a man of many talents.

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BOOK WITH CARE

PARADE

THE GRIN AND BARE IT SECTION

IT'S WINTER, time like this—Oxygen, O.K., sure to be short and cheap. In today's day, the gas pumps run their price of liquid dollars by day and the weather-phones will be heard before the sun sets.



There is a great deal of money in the air. It is a great deal of money in the air. It is a great deal of money in the air. It is a great deal of money in the air.

But the great fact is, however, that the money is not in the air.

In some cases, the money is not in the air. It is a great deal of money in the air. It is a great deal of money in the air. It is a great deal of money in the air.

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sp. Summering a planter the stand by impulsively while he sought the cause of the trouble. He soon saw an old man in a white coat and a small hat.

Yes, he called her Thompson's and dropped a word and showed her the evidence. "Did you try to push those things down the stairs?" the doctor asked.

The younger studied the evidence, nodded sagaciously, then exclaimed with just a hint of surprise: "Yes, they're mine—please send me my money!"

B. C. Kline was seen here getting the Thompson's evidence against the Duke. The Duke then came forward with a small hat and a small hat.

The Duke is a little quiet still. He is in the line, where the Duke is in the line, where the Duke is in the line.

We've just heard about a party of four. They are in the line, where the Duke is in the line, where the Duke is in the line.



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Finer Style.. Greater value than ever before!

Coming... or going Plymouth is beautifully new! You'll admit its longer... lower... wider look! There's beauty in every sweeping new line... and throughout its heavy, comfortable interior. Everything is planned for your comfort—to give you a finer automobile that handles easier... runs smoother... performs better.

Compare the new 1950 Plymouth! Try it like we are! As big as a 1949, larger rear window and large windshield provide better vision—night and day! Why trade your driver's ability? You'll appreciate Plymouth's Crankshaft—rear-wheel steering—the floor stands with more in—openers, counter balanced too! You'll like the new longer rear fenders, desirable for easy repair! "Chain-high" seats for Royal Comfort on day long drives! Higher leg room, for better handling! You'll find it in the very heart of the big 35 hp. high compression engine! It's a motor on four!

The 1950 Plymouth is packed with Value... and ready to prove it! Compare it! Drive it! You'll agree that there's no better value for the dollar. Plymouth again offers the greatest Value of all!

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Minutes to go... and the Bears have a one-goal edge on the Cats. It's the climax to a season of action-packed battles. Hockey, Canada's national winter sport, is a game enjoyed by old and young alike... a symbol of that pride in tenplay which has helped make us one of the world's great nations.

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Eighteen awards, ranging in value from \$200 to \$1,000 will be granted to young Canadian artists. These awards will enable students of promise between the ages of 18 and 30 to further their training. Complete details, together with application forms may be obtained by writing to: The Director, O'Keefe's Art Awards, 47 Fraser Avenue, Toronto, Ontario, to whom completed application forms must be sent not later than April 15th, 1950.

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